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ART. II. — *Philosophie der Schönen Künste: Architektur, Sculptur, Malerei, Musik, Poesie, Prosa.* Von ERNST VON LASAULX. München: Literarisch-Artistische Anstalt der J. G. Cotta'schen Buchhandlung. 1865. [*Philosophy of the Fine Arts.* By ERNST VON LASAULX.]

NOTWITHSTANDING their creative activity as an artistic people, the Greeks did not philosophize deeply about art. Indeed, they were habitually inexact in all their classifications. Aristotle, for example, makes zoölogy, medicine, &c. branches of philosophy, and puts them in the same category with metaphysics. As regards the arts, he assumes that they are all imitations, and from this stand-point inquires, first, by what means the imitation is produced (form, color, tone, or word) ; secondly, what objects are imitated (emotions, actions, &c.) ; and, thirdly, in what manner these objects are imitated. But he does not inform us what particular arts he would place under these several heads. He lays the foundation of a classification, but rears no superstructure upon it. Cicero divides the arts into silent (*quasi mutæ artes*), and speaking (*oratio et lingua*) ; the former are sculpture and painting, the latter are poetry and eloquence. Quintilian, applying to the arts the Aristotelian classification of the sciences, throws them into three groups : the *theoretical* (astronomy and philosophy) ; the *practical* (strategy, oratory, and dancing) ; and the *poetical*, comprising architecture, sculpture, and painting. These latter he also calls creative arts (*artes effectivæ*). In like manner the Neoplatonic Plotinus divides them, first, into imitative arts, sculpture, painting, and dancing, which imitate forms and motions, and music, which imitates the innate harmonies of the human soul ; secondly, the practical arts, architecture and carpentry, which are expressions of the indwelling symmetry of the soul ; and, thirdly, the theoretical arts, or those which are of a more ideal nature, such as geometry, poetry, oratory, and, highest of all, philosophy. The vice of these classifications obviously springs from the vagueness of the Greek and Latin terms which we are forced to translate by "the arts."

If now we turn to modern art-criticism, we find it equally ar-

bitrary and unsatisfactory. Dante (*De Monarchia*, II.) remarks that art is conditioned by three things, — the spirit of the artist, the instrument which he employs, and the material in which he works ; but he makes no distribution of the arts under this general principle. Kant (*Kritik der Urtheilskraft*, § 51) makes expression the basis of his classification. First, the speaking arts, poetry and eloquence ; the latter of these treats a business of the understanding as if it were a free play of the imagination, whereas the former conducts a free play of the imagination as if it were merely a business of the understanding. Secondly, the formative arts, of which there are two subdivisions, those which are expressed in accordance with the truth of the senses (*Sinnenwahrheit*), comprising architecture and sculpture (*die Plastik*), and those which rest on an illusion of the senses (*Sinnenschein*), including painting and landscape-gardening. Thirdly, the art of the beautiful play of the emotions, or music. Solger (*Aesthetik*, p. 257) assumes five fine arts, which he divides into two groups, viz. Poesy and Art (*Kunst*). The former he regards as the universal art, embracing in itself all the others. The latter he subdivides into symbolical (architecture and sculpture) and allegorical (painting and music). Hegel looks at art from different points of view, and gives a classification as seen from each. Historically considered he distinguishes three principal forms : the symbolical, or the art-pantheism of the Orient, the classical art of the Greeks and Romans, and the romantic art of the Christian nations of Western Europe. Again he speaks of the external art (architecture), the objective art (sculpture), and the subjective arts (painting, music, and poetry). Or if we consider the sense to which the art appeals, we have architecture, sculpture, and painting, which appeal to the eye ; music, which is addressed to the ear ; and poetry, which speaks to the imagination. Or, finally, distributing them into two groups, we have architecture and sculpture, which present the objective, and painting, music, and poetry, which express the innerness (*Innerlichkeit*) of the subjective. Cousin places painting above sculpture and music, because it is more pathetic than the former and clearer than the latter, and expresses the human soul in a greater richness and variety of its sentiments. Poetry he calls the art *par excellence*. Architecture and gardening he puts to-

gether in one category, as the least free and lowest of the arts. It seems to us, however, more natural, following Kant's distribution, to associate gardening with painting, inasmuch as it is governed by the laws of perspective, and is picturesque rather than architectural. Fergusson divides the arts into three classes, — technic, æsthetic, and phonetic. The technic culminate in upholstery, the æsthetic in music, and the phonetic in eloquence. On this basis he erects a labyrinthian superstructure through whose "wandering mazes" we have no disposition to conduct our readers.

It must be obvious to every one that all these classifications are more or less determined by *a priori* considerations, instead of being deduced from the nature and genesis of the arts and the law that controls their development. Every classification is imperfect, in so far as it is artificial. It is essential, therefore, to pursue a new method, to throw aside dogmatism and appeal to history, to study the arts in the process of their growth, and to adopt the arrangement into which we find them drawn by their natural affinities. The proper application of this method would render it necessary to trace the rise and progress of each art, and to show how the varying forces of nature, civilization, and social life have operated in developing and modifying man's artistic faculty ; but this discussion is too broad for our present limits, and we must rest satisfied with a mere statement of the results to which such an investigation would lead.

By the fine arts, then, we mean architecture, sculpture, painting, music, poetry, and prose. These may be divided into two equal groups. The first three, architecture, sculpture, and painting, address themselves to the eye, speaking to it in the dialect of form ; they may therefore be called the arts of formal representation, — formative or imaging arts. The last three, music, poetry, and prose, address themselves to the ear, and may be termed the arts of oral representation, or speaking arts. We have enumerated them in the order of their logical relations and of their chronological development. The first of the fine arts in point of time, and the lowest as a means of expression, is architecture ; the last in time and the highest in expressiveness is prose. This classification corresponds to the historical growth of Grecian art. Art is originally an emanation of re-

ligious feeling. It springs from man's spiritual wants, which first seek expression in a rude symbolism. No pre-Hellenic people ever advanced beyond these religious beginnings of art. Such are the colossal temples of India, filled with gigantic images, monstrous in shape and yet every limb and lineament symbolical of certain divine attributes; also the monumental architecture of Egypt, massive and gloomy pyramids, obelisks emblematic of sacrificial flames, and all those stupendous structures that fringe the Nile from the Nubian desert to the Mediterranean. The Greeks were the first to idealize this symbolism and inspire it with a new principle, to modify it by intellectual and æsthetic culture, and melt it into a new metamorphosis, in which the sentiment of beauty blended with that of religion.

The six arts of which we have made mention rise one above the other, in a regular series; sculpture is higher than architecture, painting is higher than sculpture, music stands above painting, poetry above music, and prose is the highest art of all. It will be observed, also, that in the exact ratio of the increase of the spiritual content of these arts there is a decrease of materiality in the form. In nature we see a progress from the inorganic to the organic, from organogens to living organisms, from the general substances and elementary bodies of chemistry to the special phenomena of physics, from the coral to the plant, from the plant to the animal, and from the animal to man; each "striving to ascend, and ascending in its striving." The stone or the metal, in its highest form of crystal, mimics the delicacy of the flower; the flower, with its organic functions and motions and the variegated plumage of its petals, is assimilated to the butterfly that hovers on free wings above it; and in the social life and cunning instincts of the bee, the bird, the ant, and the spider are typically foreshadowed the intelligence and moral affections of man. Each of these in the rising scale of creation is the realization of that which is below it, and the mute prophecy of that which is above it. In like manner there is a progress in art from architecture to sculpture, from sculpture to painting, from painting to music, from music to poetry, and from poetry to prose. All these have their root in a common sentiment; they are all manifestations of religious feeling working through the imagination, and

there is no instance on record of supreme excellence in art, except in times of religious enthusiasm or among a people distinguished for religious sensibility. Art first built a temple to the gods, consecrated it with their images, beautified it with pictures of sacred scenes out of their lives, celebrated their praises in music and poetry, and, finally, recorded the fact and philosophized about it in prose. Thus in all its forms and creations it is but an expression of this first, deepest, and holiest emotion of the human soul.

The theory enunciated by Vitruvius and recently by Hope, and tacitly assumed by Ruskin, that architecture had its origin in the rude efforts of man to shelter himself from the inclemencies of the sky, is not only false in principle, but at variance with fact. The hut of the shepherd, the tent of the nomad, the wigwam of the savage, and the cave of the troglodyte, which have been regarded as so many germs of architecture, have really no more connection with it than the den of the tiger or the lair of the wolf. It was from the impulse of religious feeling, and not under the stimulus of physical wants, that man became an architect. The temple is older than the house. Indeed, such a thing as domestic architecture was unknown previous to the Roman Empire. According to the old Hebrew legend, Adam built an altar to God before he put a roof over his own head. The earliest and rudest structures now existing on the face of the earth were dedicated to deities.

Much misconception will be avoided if we remember that a temple is not necessarily an edifice. This may be its accidental form, but does not constitute its distinctive character. It is essentially, as the etymology implies, (*τέμνειν*, to cut off or set apart,) a consecrated spot, like that where Noah offered sacrifice when he issued from the ark. The hollow cedar containing a rudely carved image of the Arcadian goddess, of which Pausanias (VIII. 13. 2) speaks, was as much a temple as the Parthenon or the Pantheon. Indeed, the first temples seem to have been hollow trees in which images were placed: the Dodonean Jupiter dwelt in a beech, the Ephesian Diana in an elm, and it was not until 600 B. C. that she was honored with a temple in marble; and among the Germanic nations of Northern Europe, we find that the three gods of the ancient Prussians

were worshipped in a sacred oak at Romove.* A Druidical circle of rough stones, like the celebrated Stonehenge, is as truly a temple as the classic peristyle. It may consist of a mound of earth, a solitary column, or a high rock like that on the shores of Lake Winnipeg, which the aborigines were accustomed to crown with wreaths of leaves and flowers; they are all alike sacred offerings to the gods, the tree and the monolith, as well as

“Doric pillars,
Cornice, and frieze, with bossy sculptures graven.”

The Egyptian obelisk in Rome on whose granite sides are inscribed hieroglyphic hymns in praise of the sun, is as truly a temple as is the Basilica of St. John Lateran, before which it stands. The cavern, or the rude lodge of wattled saplings, in which the primitive man found protection against heat and cold, may be the origin of house-building; but it is the stone pillar or the hollow tree with the consecrated image in which we must seek the origin of temple-building, which is the source and genesis of all architecture.

Common usage applies the word *architecture* to every beautiful edifice; but there is essentially as much difference between temple-building and house-building, as there is between a moral and a meteorological necessity. In house-building everything is made subordinate to comfort and convenience. There may be displayed much mathematical knowledge and mechanical skill, but these do not raise it to the dignity of a fine art; it is still a handicraft. A house thus designed with inflexible reference to utility is no more architecture than a ship or a railroad. It may turn out to be beautiful, and so may the ship, which was built only to do service against wind and wave, or the steam-car, which moves wholly in obedience to mercenary impulses towards economical ends. The same movement of muscle may mould dough to make bread or clay to make statues, but how different is the spiritual process in each case. Architecture among the Greeks was never associated with the idea of use, and they made no pretensions to it in the construction of private dwellings. Athens was by no means a fine city like some of our modern ones, with whole streets of palaces occu-

* Voigt, *Geschichte Preussens*, I. 580, 595.

pied as the residences of private citizens. A stranger could have walked from the Piræus all through the lower town without imagining himself to be in the city which contained the greatest masterpieces of architecture. He would observe these only as he approached the public square and the Acropolis. We learn from Herodotus (V. 62) how small and insignificant, according to our notions, were the houses in which men like Themistocles and Aristides lived. As luxury increased, dwellings were built on a larger scale, but even these made no claims to architectural beauty, and did not rank among works of art. Yet they were regarded by the public with suspicion. Such was the house of Midias, the Athenian millionaire, which he erected at Eleusis, and for which he was severely censured by Demosthenes. Architecture put to private uses would have been to the Grecian mind an ostentation bordering on impiety. It was employed solely and sacredly in the construction of temples till after the Persian war, when it was applied also to theatres, concert-halls, porticos, gymnasia, and public squares; but this too was a sacred use, inasmuch as all these places and edifices were dedicated to some divinity.*

It is true that in the heroic age we discover a tendency to beautify the residences of princes and make them objects of art; such were the mansions of Menelaus and Alcinoüs as described in the fourth and seventh books of the *Odyssey*. But it must be remembered that these palaces were essentially palace-temples, and that with them was associated the idea of hero-worship. Art can never develop itself freely when it comes in contact with utility. The Greeks scrupulously avoided this antagonism. The best house-builders in Athens would not have presumed to place themselves on a level with Ictinus and Kal-

* What is here said of architecture is, of course, true of all the fine arts. Pausanias, who travelled through Greece in the second century of the Christian era, and described the works of art then existing, does not mention a single one as the property of a private citizen. So when Verres plundered Sicily, his accusers, who cannot be supposed to have concealed anything, charge him with carrying off only public works of art; at the same time, it is said that he appropriated these treasures wherever he could find them; and if private persons had possessed such works of art, nothing would have prevented him from taking them. To be sure, Cicero speaks of four statues taken from a certain Heius. But they stood in his *sacrarium* or chapel, not in his house, and were therefore public, in the sense of being consecrated to a religious use.

licrates, the builders of the Parthenon. However great their constructive skill, they were still mechanics and not architects. Posterity did not treasure their names; they passed away and were forgotten with the cessation of those physical wants which it was their sole office to supply; whilst the memory of the architect remained as imperishable as the divine conceptions which he sought to express. Secular architecture grew up out of national decay and religious degradation. With the deification of the Roman Emperors certain parts of the temples were transferred to the imperial palaces. Julius Cæsar was the first man who adorned his house with a pediment, and even he was permitted to do it only by a special decree of the Senate. Thus gradually, and as it were under protest, began the decline of sacred architecture. The change advanced with the degeneracy of the people and the darkening of the religious consciousness. Columns were attached to the villas, and private dwellings were decorated with pilasters and rich entablatures. This desecration of the temple-style culminated in the famous "Golden House" of Nero, in the vestibule of which stood his own colossal statue one hundred and twenty feet high. The distinction between house and temple being thus broken up, sacred architecture became rapidly secularized in the midst of a vast material civilization, which seems almost to have deified roads, bridges, aqueducts, triumphal arches, the circus, and the Colosseum.*

Gothic architecture also, in its origin, was devoted exclusively to the services of religion. The nobility and rich laity lived in rude habitations destitute of all artistic embellishments, at a time when the great cathedrals, with windows of gorgeous colors and carvings of exquisite beauty, were erected and consecrated to the Church. It was not ignorance of art, but a sense of its sacredness, that lavished so much wealth and taste on the religious edifice, whilst the walls of the house were left bare. But with the rise of feudalism the castle began to adorn itself

* Among the Romans, religion was degraded into a mere function of the state; and patriotism (an intense but narrow sentiment) became the inspiring principle of art as well as of morals. Thus the themes of Roman sculpture were not religious, but patriotic, and represented, not gods, but heroes; they sought their ideals of excellence, not in the genealogical records of Olympus, but in the annals of their own robust virtue and prowess.

with the spoils of the cathedral, just as the palaces and villas of the Roman Emperors rivalled the temples in architectural grandeur, so soon as those Emperors usurped the attributes of deities.

Thus we find that all art originates in reverence of feeling, and aims at religious edification. It is typical, not transcriptive; and, like an alphabet, uses forms as signs of ideas, not as mere ornaments or imitations of things in nature. From this point of view, we appreciate at once its value as a permanent and impartial record of the human race. Every monument of art is an historical document. Temples and cathedrals are chronicles in stone, primitive books in which letters and syllables of marble are linked with words and phrases of granite into the most gigantic combinations of thought. Such are Karnac and that Titanic plagiarism, St. Peter's, in which Michel Angelo piled the Pantheon on the Parthenon. The first letter in this early alphabet of architecture was a simple monolith, or perhaps a single stone set upright with a huge rock on the top forming a T. Such are the Cyclopean literatures of Asia and Europe, the most ancient monuments of Mexico and South America, and the prehistoric sculptured stones which the Druids have left scattered over the moors of Northumberland. Each was the symbol of a thought, the centre of a group of ideas, the utterance of a sacred language, the mystic record of an occult philosophy and cosmogony; and in the multiplication and combination of these detached monoliths we can trace the progress of columnar architecture through all its phases, from the rude cairn to the graceful colonnade; in fact, the Doric peristyle is only a revised edition of the Celtic cromlech.

The fundamental styles of architecture are very few; they can be counted on the fingers. By fundamental we mean founded on a single idea, to which all the details are subordinate. All other styles are secondary, inasmuch as they are formed from the union of two or more ideas, and are for the most part only adaptations of architecture to secular purposes, in which the symbolical significance is lost sight of; so that, according to the strict definition, they are not styles of architecture at all, but mere fashions of ornamental stone-masonry.

These it is no profanation to put to secular uses: indeed, it is their proper office. On the contrary, there can be no greater incongruity than to bring any of the primary forms of architecture into juxtaposition with warehouses, railway-stations, or any of the associations of trade. What can be more absurd than an exchange for bulls and bears built in the Gothic style, a custom-house in the style of the Parthenon, or a Greek cornice over the shop-window of a greengrocer! You might as reasonably transfer the miniature paintings of an old Italian missal to the pages of a ledger, or adorn the periphery of a millstone with the reliefs which Phidias sculptured on the sandals of Minerva.

The most prominent of these fundamental forms of architecture are the Oriental, the Grecian, and the Gothic. The first (of which Hindu and Egyptian may be taken as representatives) symbolizes *weight*; the second signifies *support*; the third expresses *ascension*. These three ideas graven in architecture correspond to the three mental stages of *sensuality*, *intellectuality*, and *spirituality*; so that in each of the triad is reflected the peculiar character of the religion and the civilization which produced it. There is no material form so suggestive of weight as the pyramid, or the cone, which is essentially the same. It is the form which all loose particles of solid matter on the surface of the earth assume under the action of the law of gravitation. The pyramid is the nucleus of all Egyptian architecture; the whole structure (cornice, doors, mouldings, even to the decorations) is composed of pyramids or segments of pyramids. The same form was given to the apex of the obelisk which stood in front of the temple, like a giant finger pointing to the sky for the key of its hieroglyphic mysteries. This sense of weight, of massive and gloomy duration, is intensified by the narrowness of the intercolumniation. The pillars with bulging bases are set as thick as possible; it would seem as if only a mountain-chain of granite were a fit burden for them; yet there is in reality no immense superstructure requiring for its support such an excessive outlay of strength. It did not then spring from a material necessity, but was employed to express a fundamental idea. In what more concentrated formula could it be embodied than

in these huge masses of the quarry, endowed with the sluggish life of the crocodile and the Nile-plant? We read the same thought in the features of that slowly living rock, the giant Sphinx, whose sad and peaceful eyes have watched the flitting of a hundred generations of men; in the colossal ruins of Persepolis; in the theocratic masonry of India, the vast excavated temples of Ellora and Elephanta, written over with mythological and allegorical sculpture, in which are represented the divine energies and attributes according to the Braminical theology. In these structures, not less clearly than on the pages of the Veda, are inscribed caste, immobility, pantheism. They are the symbols of a being in whose immensity all personalities are merged, all human force and faculty are lost,— of a deity identified with the universe, whilst men

“ Are but organic harps diversely framed
That tremble into thought, as o’er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the soul of each and God of all.”

In Grecian architecture the column is the most conspicuous feature, and has a right to this prominence from the fact of its being the principal supporting member of the edifice. The wall, so far as it exists, serves only as a veil to the interior, and as to any office it performs in upholding the building, instead of resting on the basement it might as well have been suspended from the entablature. The elements of this style in its simplest expression are the post and the lintel. They convey the idea, not of weight merely, but of weight well sustained; in other words, not gravitation, but the capability of resisting it. Without specifying, we may say that this idea enters into all parts of the structure: the elliptical flutings and the graceful curvature or entasis of the Doric shaft, the inward inclination of the axes of the outer columns, the gentle swell of the stylobate or basement, all carry out the fundamental idea of symmetrical and elastic strength.* It is the

* Penrose ascertained by accurate measurement that the stylobatic swell of the Parthenon was four inches for the length (227 feet), and three inches for the breadth (101 feet); and that the concentric inclination of the columns (65 feet high) was one and a half inches. Thus, by obeying a nice law of optics, the structure was relieved of the dead, sagging heaviness which a perfectly horizontal base and ver-

symbol of serene and conscious power, the type of the Greek intellect, the embodiment of law and order as well as of grace and beauty, the highest expression of an ideal humanity. Compared with Oriental architecture, the Hellenic temple is an advance from the dark rock to the pure crystal; from the coal to the diamond, from the worship of nature to the deification of man. The best representative of this style is the Doric Parthenon, erected about 437 B. C. on the site of the older temple which was burnt by the Persians. It was built wholly of Pentelic marble by the architects, Kallikrates and Iktinus, under the presiding genius of Phidias. Nothing could better express the fine balance of the Greek mind, and the quiet spirit of beauty that shed its influence over Grecian life, than the perfect symmetry of this fair house of columns. In its external history also is mirrored the history of the Hellenic race. For nine hundred years it stood on the sunny brow of the Acropolis, far above the daily turmoil of the lower city, a sublime and perpetual offering to the tutelary goddess of Athens. During the fifth century of our era it was transformed into a Christian church, and for more than a thousand years the Virgin Mary sat in the seat of the virgin Minerva. It then became a Turkish mosque, and remained consecrated to the service of Mohammed so long as the Greeks themselves were the slaves of the Moslem power. On the 28th of September, 1687, a shell was thrown into it by the Venetian general, the Count of Königsmark, who was besieging the citadel. The Turks had converted the temple into a powder-magazine, which of course rendered the destruction of the edifice more complete. Since that day it has been plundered by every antiquarian adventurer, as Greece herself has been the prey of every nation. Now it stands a magnificent ruin, serving as a storehouse for the preservation of other ruins, — a fit image of the whole Grecian peninsula.

The fundamental idea of Gothic architecture is weight, not supported merely, but annihilated. The constructive signifi-

tical shafts would have inevitably produced. This is the reason of the advice given to the architect by Vitruvius (III. 4. 5): "*Stylobata ita oportet exæquari, ut habeat per medium adjectionem per scamillos impares, si enim stylobata ad libellam dirigetur, alveolatus oculo videbitur.*"

cance of the building centres in the keystone of the arch. By this means it is supported from above, the very downward pressure inherent in the masses upholds them, and the tall pile

“By its own weight stands steadfast and immovable”;

the law of gravity is suspended or counteracted by vital force ; the vaulted roof and storied arches seem hung in the air, and solid matter is endowed with the utmost lightness and aeri-ality. Thus the whole edifice expresses, not counterpoise, but ascension, aspiration, — spire, tower, buttress, clear-story, and pinnacle all rise to heaven, and indicate the spirituality of the worship to which they are devoted. This airy effect is increased by the numerous openings, lancet, trefoil, and rosette, which perforate the sides, transforming them into walls of many-colored windows. The cella of the Greek temple is small and extremely simple in ornamentation, but around it are open corridors richly adorned with statues and reliefs. Thus its beauty is wholly external. On the contrary, the inner walls of the Christian church are large and lofty, and the spaces covered with paintings and sculpture. The Greek architecture is clear, symmetrical, objective, and wonderful in unity, like a tragedy of Æschylus ; the Gothic is the fruit of a fuller consciousness and a deeper spirituality, manifesting a more richly developed individuality, and unfolding in an infinite variety. The cathedrals of the Middle Ages are the embodiment of an ecclesiastical inspiration animating a whole people, and owe their origin to that excess of religious zeal which found another and wider outflow in the Crusades. From the fact that they rose like an exhalation over all Europe soon after the first Crusade, historians have endeavored to trace a connection between them and the East, and have rummaged the ruins of Persia and India to find some evidence that the Oriental nations were acquainted with the use of the pointed arch. A little attention to the psychology of art would have prevented this error. Gothic architecture is connected with the Crusades only as an expression of the same spiritual enthusiasm.

The progress of science and civilization consists in this, that every idea disappears in a higher idea. A new thought reveals

itself, and the world that seemed so fixed becomes fluid again, and takes another shape as it spins around the axis of this new thought. The discovery of a simple hydrostatic principle rendered superfluous the stupendous masonry of Roman aqueducts. They were built to weather the assaults of ages, but they were all toppled down by the breath of one thinking man. Thus one art overturns another. During the Middle Ages the ascendant art was architecture, including, as subordinate branches, sculpture, which chiselled the portals, and painting, which illuminated the windows. All the intellectual and æsthetic energy of the age converged to this one point. The stuff that now makes the poet then made the architect, the sculptor, or the painter. The inspiration which now produces a book then produced a building. The thinker, unwilling to intrust his thoughts to the fleeting breath of a wandering minstrel, or to a perishable manuscript which few had either the ability or opportunity to read, wrote them on enduring tablets of stone, and lifted them up before the eyes of all men. In this literature of the quarry, Abelard's free-thinking found utterance, as well as Hildebrand's hierarchy. Every change of public opinion and all social and political revolutions are recorded here. Even the scepticisms and heresies that crept into the Church are sculptured on its walls and over its portals, in chisellings as caustic as the epigrams of Rabelais or the drops that flowed from the pen of Erasmus.* But when

* The altar remained sacred to the priest, but the rest of the building was given over to the architect, on which he indulged his genius, often in derision of the established ecclesiasticism. In the Byzantine transept of the graceful Friburg Minster are reliefs of the twelfth century representing a wolf in a monk's cowl reading the missal with pious mien; one eye is fixed on the page, but the other casts a ravenous glance towards a lamb which is approaching the confessional. Also at the entrance to the choir are sculptures of monks and nuns in the garb of Bacchanals, Sirens, &c. In like manner, the clerical caste ridiculed the serfs by representing them in grotesque attitudes as telamones and gargoyles, or by putting them to perform other servile offices in different parts of the edifice; but these degrading functions ceased to be assigned to them after the emancipation of the Frank and Norman vassals, so that that great social and industrial revolution is recorded in architecture. During the tenth century there prevailed a popular expectation that the reign of Christ on earth would commence in the year 1000. The anticipation of this event is plainly observable in the art of that period, especially in miniatures. Thus in the eleventh century Christ is no longer represented as the Good Shepherd bearing on his shoulders the wandering lamb back to the fold, but as the stern,

Guttenberg invented movable types, and in company with John Faust established his little printing-press at Mentz, in the year 1450, the life of architecture went out. It is easier to print a word than to hew a stone, to shape a sentence than to erect a column, to publish a book than to put in motion tons of material for the purpose of translating a thought into a building. Besides, the ubiquity of the printed page more than compensates for the durability of the sculptured stone. The paper leaves that fly abroad and fill the earth are more imperishable than piles of solid masonry. A second irruption of barbarians might blot out forever the famous *stanze* of Raphael, and obliterate the cycles of Sibyls and prophets culminating in "The Last Judgment," in which Michel Angelo has traced the origin, growth, and final dispensation of theocracy; but the thought once impressed on the printed page is not subject to such contingencies; it is "exempt from the wrong of time and capable of perpetual renovation." Thus the craft of the printer, by furnishing the readiest mode of utterance, and, at the same time, the best means of preserving the thing uttered, superseded the primitive didactic vocation of the artist; henceforth his function was to adorn the doctrine which he had hitherto been required to teach.

However beneficial the invention of printing may have been to the advancement of science and the spread of civilization, it necessarily exerted an influence unfavorable to art, and especially to architecture. Architecture coming in conflict with it made a desperate struggle for life. It went back to Rome and Greece, and engrafted classic on Christian art, producing the period known as the Renaissance, which afterwards degenerated into the Rococo and Periwig of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But it was in vain. All the past could not save it. It is virtually dead, and we shall never build

inexorable Judge, the *rex tremendæ majestatis*. It was through this medium of art that the Second-Advent prophets of the Middle Ages published their ideas to the world; and for centuries afterwards these Millennial themes — Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell (called the "*Quatuor Novissima*," or Four Last Things) — continued to excite the imagination, and culminated in the sacred trilogy of Dante, the *Dies Iræ*, the sublime frescos of Orgagna, Luca Signorelli, and Fra Angelico, and Holbein's ghastly "Dance of Death."

cathedrals so long as we can print cyclopædias. There has been no great architecture since the sixteenth century. The last of the giant builders was Michel Angelo, who died in 1564, the year in which Shakespeare was born; and even he expressed himself in this form less freely than his predecessors. With the same cubic feet of material, Brunelleschi of the fifteenth century is grander than Michel Angelo of the sixteenth. Compare the dome of Santa Maria dei Fiori in Florence with that of St. Peter's in Rome, and the former displays a deeper intelligence and a finer flow of originality. In the latter, the sublime is to a great degree lost in the merely stupendous. The only great attempt at Gothic architecture in the present century — the New Palace of Westminster — is a most signal failure. In comparison with the old Abbey that stands near it, it is an empty and frivolous gewgaw; and yet the Abbey itself is far inferior to the great cathedrals of the Continent. The profusion of ornament which Sir Charles Barry lavished on the edifice could not hide its real decrepitude. It does not enkindle the faintest spark of creative interest. It is the cold mechanical imitation of what ceased to be an inspiration more than three centuries ago, the hollow mask moulded on the face of a dead civilization. It is "a monument of Gothic art" in a far different sense from that in which the guide-books employ those words.

Next in the ascending series of the fine arts stands sculpture. Originally, as we have seen, it was closely allied to architecture, and for a long time subordinate to it. The statues of India and Egypt are all essentially architectural; with half closed, heavy eyes, and arms pinioned to their sides, they lack life and liberty. Greek statuary, on the other hand, is endowed with a freedom and individuality corresponding to the emancipation of the religious consciousness of the Greek people. This freedom, however, was only a gradual attainment on the part of the Greeks. "Life is short, and art is long," and the perfection of all human productions is not to be reached by the efforts of a few generations, much less within the hour-glass of one man's life, but depends on the accumulated labor and experience of successive ages, each mounting higher than the former by a slow, spiral ascent, which

often seems like moving on a dead level. Thus the earliest Greek sculpture is only a slight advance beyond the Indian and the Egyptian, and appears to have been derived from them. It is a different stage of the same type, another expression of a religious symbolism, in which every attitude, limb, and feature has some moral or intellectual significance. Consequently we find in the remotest periods of Hellenic art images which we might expect to see only on the banks of the Nile or the Ganges. Three-eyed Jupiters,* four-armed Apollos,† a Bacchus in the form of a bull,‡ a Eurynome like a mermaid, a colossal Diana with ten hieroglyphic tiers of breasts, and a black Ceres with the head of a horse encircled with serpents.§ The period which produced these monstrosities was pantheistic; they are the embodiments of the old Orphic theology, in which the gods were regarded as substantial potencies or powers of nature, prescriptive types of ideas and qualities to which we do not always possess the key. Apollo was originally the sun-god, extending his arms on all sides like rays of light. But as light is the emblem of knowledge, he became the god of prophecy and the corypheus of the Muses, and finally was endowed with a distinct personality as the god-man, the ideal of spiritual power and beauty. So it was with the oldest images of all the deities, which were supposed to have fallen from heaven. They were highly symbolical in their purpose, and very stiff and conventional in their mode of representation. In some of the most primitive temples they were mere blocks of wood or stone, with limbs and lineaments rudely indicated by lines drawn on or deeply cut into the surface, after the manner of Egyptian basso-relievos. In others the divinities are not distinguishable from each other in form or feature, but only by their emblems,—the thunder-bolt, the trident, the caduceus, or the palm-branch. They were not intended to resemble persons, but to represent principles. The lively imagination and symmetrical mind of the

* Pausanias, II. 24. 5.

† Libanius, I. p. 340. 7 : οἶον ἐν Ἀπόλλωνος τετράχειρος ἀγάλματι.

‡ Plutarchus Mor. p. 364, E : ταυρόμορφα Διονύσου ποιοῦσιν ἀγάλματα πολλοὶ τῶν Ἑλλήνων.

§ Pausanias, VIII. 42. 3.

Greek soon revolted against these bungling and materialistic methods of expressing attributes. The hundred hands of Briareus and the multitudinous eyes of Argus are cheap and childish contrivances to indicate power and intelligence, compared with the ambrosial curls and knitted brow of the Olympian Jove or the prophetic glance and majestic front of Apollo. Yet so slow was the growth of art even in Greece, that after Dædalus had half freed the statue from its original clay by opening its eyes and separating its legs, eight centuries elapsed before it became a living soul under the hand of Phidias.

Sculpture, as well as architecture, was at first employed exclusively in the service of religion, and even during its palmiest days, in the age of Pericles, it continued to be devoted to this end in all its highest efforts. In Athens there was doubtless much stone-cutting and wall-painting applied to the daily necessities of life, but statues and pictures, as objects of art, were, as we have said, unknown in private dwellings. Before the time of Socrates there is not a single instance of a portrait bust; and portrait-painting was first practised in the school of Apelles, a contemporary of Alexander the Great. Pausanias (I. 46) informs us that a certain Phryne contrived to gain possession of a statuette of Cupid made by her lover Praxiteles; but she dared not incur the danger of keeping it, and consequently atoned for her impiety by consecrating it as a public work of art at Thespia, her native city. In Athens there were no private galleries of art, such as we find in modern European cities. Phidias was forbidden even to put his name on the statue of Minerva; and because it was alleged that in the representation of the battle of the Greeks and Amazons, which adorned the shield of the goddess, he had introduced among other figures the portraits of himself and his friend Pericles, he was accused of impious ambition and thrown into prison, where he died. It was not until the Macedonian age that the plastic arts began to forget their sacred destination, and degenerate into means of gratifying the luxury of individuals. The function of the sculptor was half priestly; he was the commissioned interpreter of the gods. We are told that, when Phidias had completed the Olympian Jove, the lightning fell from heaven and touched the statue in approbation of the

work. It is this sense of sacredness that confers a value on these forms. In the progress of sculpture, from the brute shape of an Ephesian Diana to the beautiful proportions of an Apollo Belvedere, we can trace the progress of theological ideas from pantheism to anthropomorphism.

The same is true of Christian sculpture and painting. In the Middle Ages, as in Asia, in Egypt, and in Greece, art began with religious themes. Architecture, as we have seen, led the way, and became the parent of the whole family of arts. It is difficult for us to form a conception of the sacredness which surrounded the vocation of the mediæval artist. He had a higher aim than technical beauty, the glories of color, or feats of anatomical skill. It was a holy office committed to consecrated hands. The academies of art in those days were religious fraternities and societies for spiritual edification. Such were the schools of Siena and Florence during the fourteenth century. The code which prescribed the qualifications for membership laid more stress on personal piety than on technical skill. A Spanish sculptor who broke in pieces a statue of Christ because the purchaser refused to pay the stipulated price, was convicted of sacrilege by the Inquisition. As an artist he was ordained to a holy task. The marble became in his hands what the wafer is in the hands of the priest, a sacred thing; and as it was moulded into form, it received a consecration which took it from the possession of the individual and placed it under the protection of the Church.

To this habit of thinking, more than to any influence of climate and social customs, the Greeks owed their supremacy in sculpture, and the mediæval Italians their superiority in painting. On this ladder art ascended to the heaven of its divineness. Its objects were not deified by their beauty, so much as beautified by their divinity. The artist was at the same time a worshipper, to whom the expression of beauty was a service of piety, and from the depths of whose fervent religious emotion sprang forth a throng of shapes flashing with all the lustre that devotion could lavish upon them. The rude, unfashioned stone, before which the Arcadian bowed in reverence, was like a magnet that set in motion all the invisible currents of his religious nature. It was this fine susceptibility to mental im-

pressions derived from material images, aided by an exquisite perception of the significance and æsthetic value of form, that enabled Grecian art to break the tough chrysalis of a conventional type, and emerge free and gloriously transmuted.

In sculpture still more than in architecture the thought predominates over the material, and is more clearly expressed in it. It is therefore a higher art than architecture. The material is the same, but it takes a bodily form, and thus advances from the inorganic to the organic. It is not merely erecting a temple, but it is building a human body, the temple of the soul. The perfection of sculpture rests on the correspondency of soul and body, on the idea of the supremacy of the psychological over the physiological, that every soul builds its own body and finds in it an adequate expression of itself; as Spenser says,

“For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.”

In painting the spiritual predominates still more over the material; in fact, one of the primary qualities of matter is eliminated, viz. thickness. A painting has only two dimensions, length and breadth. Sculpture uses the same substance as architecture, but it controls and permeates it more completely; there is no superfluous residue, nothing that is not filled with life. In the glow of the artist's inspiration, the marble becomes as wax in his hands, and is easily moulded to the image of his thought. Painting, in its purer ideality, works in a finer substance. It represents the life of the soul, not in the heavy masses of sculpture, but in the play of light and shadow on a colored surface. The simple fact that painting can represent that “world of eloquent light,” the human eye, gives it a vast superiority over the somnambule forms of sculpture; although it must be confessed that this limitation of sculpture is not without peculiar advantages, for the light which is withdrawn from the eye is diffused through all the members, spiritualizing them, so that the statue seems only to have been

“laid asleep

In body, and become a living soul.”

Sculpture is best employed in isolated figures, and seldom ventures beyond the representation of small groups in which

the characters are intimately related ; such as man and woman both together constituting one complete human being ; the youth, the maiden, and the mother ; Laocoön and his sons in the folds of the serpent ; Sleep and Death, as seen at San Ildefonso in Spain ; or the celebrated trinity of Scopas and Praxiteles, personifying the kindred affections, Eros, Himeros, and Pothos. It is only in basso-rilievo that it can express the complex interests of heroic or dramatic sentiment consistently with grace and dignity ; and all the larger groups of free sculpture which antiquity has bequeathed to us, such as the Niobe, the Elgin and the Æginean marbles, were purely architectonic, i. e. they were employed as reliefs to adorn the metopes and pediments of temples, and were therefore in their nature and use pictorial. Painting, on the contrary, does not stop with the single portrait or the group, but, by means of foreshortening and perspective, blends the far and the near into great compositions, epic, historical, and allegorical. The oldest sculpture is architectural, and the oldest painting is sculptural. Each grew up in apprenticeship to its predecessor before it appeared as a master-art. Sculpture, in the different phases of rilievo, was first employed as a decoration in connection with temples, and color was originally applied to enliven and heighten the expression of statuary. Thus they are all united in a vital continuity of development ; emanations of the same pious enthusiasm, and devoted to the same spiritual service.

Few will doubt that the Reformation gave us a sounder morality, a more beautiful charity, and a purer doctrine ; but, at the same time, it was attended with a great decrease of that superabundant religious sensibility which overflows in all manner of idolatries. What the moral being gained, the imagination lost. An abstract and metaphysic creed seldom leads the worshipper to the cultivation of any supererogatory and luxurious devotion. It abjures the images of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the saints, and watches over the dry spirituality of its worship with iconoclastic jealousy. Even the consecrated walls have been stripped of their sacredness, and the word Church transferred from the edifice to the invisible body of the devout assembly. But, above all, the Reformation unsealed

the Bible and put it into every man's hand, and by this simple act thrust aside the statues and the pictures which had hitherto been the chief authorized and accessible interpreters of religion. Christianity, however, even from an æsthetic point of view, does not find its fullest and highest expression in the sublime conceptions of Michel Angelo, or in the forms of beauty which grew up under the touches of Raphael's pencil, but seeks a more spiritual medium of utterance in music, poetry, and prose; in these, especially in the last two, Protestantism records the most splendid achievements. It shines pre-eminently in its literature.

Of the five senses with which man is endowed, only two are inlets of beauty to the soul, namely, the eye and the ear. The ear is a more spiritual organ than the eye, furnishes a readier access to the soul, and contributes more to mental culture and the growth of the finer feelings. Through the eye, the soul pours itself out on the external world; through the ear, it draws into itself by mysterious cords the spiritual content of the external world. The eye is peripheric; the ear, central. By means of the former, we see the outer man, what he does; by means of the latter, we get the most perfect conception of the inner man, his thought embodied in speech. Sight conveys a knowledge of form and of the mutual relations of things in space; sound gives us an idea of their internal structure. We know that a body is hard, dense, brittle, or elastic, not from its shape, nor even from its resistance to pressure, but from the tone which it emits when in vibration. By this we are made acquainted with the ultimate constitution and arrangement of particles underlying all tangible and visible qualities.* We conclude, then, that the speaking arts, which address themselves to the ear, are higher and more spiritual than the imaging arts, which are addressed to the eye. The first of these speaking arts is music. Painting, as we have seen, is a mere surface, having only two dimensions. Music

* It may be true that men are less moved by what they hear than by what they see: —

“*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.*”

The eye, it is true, takes in and interprets more quickly, but the impressions are less deep and lasting than those received through the ear.

is still freer from physical conditions ; it leaves out all relations of space, and stands midway between a thought and a thing ; its material is sound, which does not occupy space, but develops itself in time. The vibrations which produce the tone are indeed propagated in space, but they are not the tone ; they are its scientific explanation as a phenomenon, but are never associated with its effects. Music is the natural expression of feelings, as speech is the natural expression of thoughts ; acting immediately on the emotions, it bears only an indirect relation to ideas, which it never calls up except by association. Music, the language of feeling, cannot be adequately translated into speech, the language of thought. It enlivens and directs the imagination and fills the soul with delightful revery, but it lacks precision ; it is ineffable, it cannot be told in words. In this apparent defect lies the real and peculiar power of music. Sentiment is at once more and less than thought ; more, because in the emotions lie the germs of many thoughts ; less, because these germs are only possible thoughts ; there is more substance in the feelings, more clearness in the thoughts. Men are less separated in the former than in the latter. The whole world fraternizes in music ; it is a universal language ; it is the inarticulate voice of the heart, recognized by and appealing to all.

Every art has certain limitations beyond which it cannot pass with impunity, and the attempt on the part of music to express ideas, or to represent things, has always turned out disastrous. In striving after the mere illusion of the ear, it is degraded from its high function. Its greatest achievements are not to whistle like a bird, to ring like a bell, or to bang like a culverin. The climax of absurdity in this respect was attained in the musical buffooneries of the German and Italian contrapuntists of the seventeenth century, who employed all the resources of violin and oboe in giving the cackle of a hen, or in rendering in *legato* the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of mewing cats, with an occasional *staccato* thrown in by way of a spit. Thus the sheep of Marcello bleat in soprano, and the oxen low in contralto, all of which may have been very ideal and edifying to the Venetians, who might never have an opportunity of hearing those animals. There is a

sublimity in a natural storm which even the best performer of Steibelt's musical one fails to represent by tipping the upper notes in imitation of rain-drops and rumbling among the lower keys with both hands full of thunder. In this gross mimicry of sounds, music, the purest of the arts, is degraded to a juggler's trick. It may excite gaping astonishment and gratify low curiosity ; so does the man on the market-place who swallows tow and pulls ribbons out of his mouth. Paganini was a genius, but when he strove after vulgar effect by fiddling on one string, he was no better than a clown cutting antics on a tight rope ; and Eulenstein playing a tune on sixteen Jews-harps stands no higher as an artist than the Italian harlequin who keeps six oranges in the air. In favor of imitative music some may be disposed to cite examples from the great masters, — the magnificent Hailstorm Chorus of Handel, or the plaintive cuckoo-notes of the clarionet in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. But here the end sought is not a barren imitation ; the rage of the elements and the song of the bird are lost sight of in the grander themes which they suggest, and blend with the whole composition in harmonious subordination to a spiritual purpose. So little indeed is music a mere reproduction of the sounds that enter through the sensual ear, that the peculiar grandeur of Beethoven's compositions is attributable in a great measure to the deafness which afflicted him during the latter half of his life. What celestial melodies entranced his soul in the midst of the silence of earth !

If we compare music with painting, we shall see a striking resemblance in the materials of the two arts, — in the seven tones of the diatonic scale and the seven colors of the solar spectrum. Dark and light colors produce effects corresponding to those produced by deep and high tones ; such epithets as gentle, subdued, loud, &c., apply equally to both. There is also a moral quality in colors as well as in tones ; gray, of which Michel Angelo was so fond, is full of gravity and sublimity. This correspondency between sound and color, however, is wholly subjective, and may be to some extent visionary.

Objectively and constructively, music is analogous to architecture. The fundamental law of the latter is symmetry and proportion ; that of the former, rhythm and harmony ; but

what those are in space, these are in time. Architecture is the symmetrical arrangement of a solid material, — metal, wood, or stone; music is the audible tone ringing off from this material in vibration. The physical body is architecture; the spiritual body is music. Thus the lowest of the speaking arts is only a spiritualization of the lowest of the imaging arts; and this is what Hegel meant when he defined music to be architecture translated from space into time. In it geometry rules over the tenderest emotions, and all its subtle harmonies are woven in a mathematical frame-work. Meyerbeer's *Prophet* rests on the theorems of Euclid. The same principles led to Kepler's Law and to Jenny Lind's Bird-song; and it is a fact perhaps worth considering, that the divisions of a musical string have a near correspondence to the relative distances of the planets from the sun; so that the Pythagorean doctrine of the harmony of the spheres may, after all, have a scientific basis. Vitruvius maintained that he who would excel as an architect must be also a musician; and Goethe in conversation with Eckermann (II. 88), calls architecture a petrified music, because the impressions produced by each are similar. The cathedral is a vast organ, whose melodies are fixed in stone, and reach the soul through the eye, instead of through the ear. Apparently there can be no greater contrast than the heavy masses of architecture, and the flowing, ever-changing tone-waves of music; yet they are intimately related, and the fitness of the temple-music to the temple is complete, like the union of soul and body or the unity of thought and word.*

Historically also the tone and temper of every stage of culture and type of civilization are reflected in its music. It is well known that there is a great variety of keys, majors, minors, sharps, flats, &c., which are supposed to have a peculiar adaptation to the manifold moods of mankind; but the truth is, the musical ear of humanity changes

* It may seem strange at first sight, that, whilst there are women who have won fame as sculptors, painters, poets, and prose-writers, female genius appears to be wholly excluded from architecture and music, and we are unable to recall a single instance of a female architect or a female composer of any eminence. This is an additional evidence of the analogy between these arts, and is due to the fact that both of them rest on a mathematical basis.

from age to age, so that the same key is employed at different periods for different purposes. The fact that G minor in Schubert's *Erlkönig* is used to express a sentiment of heart-chilling horror, is no guaranty that it could be employed by a composer of the year 2000 to produce the same effect. Dorian music was in the key of D minor, but the firm and manly qualities which Aristotle and Athenæus attribute to it belong, according to our feeling, rather to C major, the key of Phrygian music. Thus we have literally made a leap *a dorio ad phrygium*. To the ear of the eighteenth century G major was a brilliant, ingratiating tone; and Kircher in his *Musurgia Universalis*, published in 1636, calls it *tonum voluptuosum*; by us, on the contrary, it is regarded as especially modest and naïve, although a little frivolous. Before the time of Calvisius, who lived in the sixteenth century, C major was the love-tone; but it is in A major that Mozart's Don Giovanni declares his passion to Zerline. In the seventeenth century D minor was the tone of holy serenity; with Gluck and Mozart it bears the stamp of brooding melancholy and dread, whereas in Weber's *Der Freischütz* it is the voice of wild, demoniac vengeance and triumph. The publication of Goethe's *Werther* was followed by a morbid accumulation of sentimentality throughout all Europe, which gave rise to a multitude of love-songs in the despairing, suicidal key of G minor; to such a degree is the music of any period a delicate pathometer, which detects the nature and measures the intensity of its emotions. The eighteenth century preferred the voices which are most nearly tuned to the violin. The artificial and emasculated voice of the man who sang as if he had a small oboe in his throat was thought to be peculiarly fit for rendering lyric and dramatic music. We give preference to the brighter tones of the flute, the clarinet, and the horn, to the splendor of burnished over that of molten gold. Tones and keys which a century ago were employed only to express the strongest emotions, are now applied on the most ordinary occasions; the spices and highly seasoned condiments of our ancestors have become our daily bread. This musical phenomenon corresponds also to the belief of some physiologists that the average human pulse has quickened about ten throbs per minute during the last half-

century; so that the fever-pulse of fifty years ago is the healthy working-pulse of to-day. This acceleration marks precisely the difference between a harp and a piano, between touching a string with the finger and hitting it with a hammer; and even our piano-forte music is more forte than piano. Quantz, who taught the flute to Frederic the Great, speaking of execution, says, "In adagio every note must be gently caressed." But the taste of to-day seems to demand that every note should be vigorously cuffed. In this age of over-excitement the ear has grown dull to the more subtle and delicate harmonies, as if it had been stunned by the din of railways and the whistle of steamboats; so that the brilliant music of a century ago is no longer brilliant to us. In order to produce the effect which it was meant to produce, we are obliged to increase the volume of the orchestra, and put two instruments where our grandfathers put only one. At this rate the next generation will be obliged to add a calliope. It is certain that since the days of Haydn and Handel the key of the flageolet has gone up a third, or even an octave.* This metamorphosis of the ear is one of the most curious facts in the history of music. We know not how it is that the eleventh century derived pleasure from the compositions of Guido da Arezzo, which, if performed in one of our concert-rooms, would drive the auditory from the house.

It may be safely affirmed, that at no other period in the world's history has there been so much musical instruction resulting in so little musical education as at the present day. By musical education we mean the cultivated ability to understand good music, to comprehend the laws of composition, to judge of their application, and discriminate the musical styles of different epochs. Musical instruction, on the other hand, may lead to nothing more than a certain finger-dexterity (playing, as it is very properly called), in which there is not the least element of culture. The former is of the soul; the latter, of the hands. Of what use to us is a knowledge of the alphabet, if we stick fast in the horn-book, and never learn to read Shake-

* For a full development of this point, see Riehl's *Culturstudien aus drei Jahrhunderten*, Art. *Das musikalische Ohr*.

speare or the Bible? and what benefit do we derive from our endless strumming, if we are not able to render or appreciate in the original the masterpieces of our classic composers, without having them brought down to us over the *pons asinorum* of a piano-adaptation? And yet how few even of our professional musicians ever get beyond this! Indeed, so rapid has been the common degeneracy in this respect during the last century, that the sublime *Passionsmusik* of Bach has become like a dead language to us, and to the frequenters of our concert-halls is scarcely more edifying than the Latin Salutatory of Commencement-day.*

Music, like architecture, originated in the service of religion. The man who first made "barbarous dissonance" on a gong or a tom-tom had no intention of imitating any noise that he had ever heard, but was simply giving expression to his devotional feelings; it was his manner of worship. There is nothing in national melodies which shows them to have been inspired by any external agencies, — mountains, seas, deserts, rich valleys, or rocky glens. The origin of all modern sacred music is the *cantus firmus* and Ambrosian chant; so that in this respect, also, the Church is the oldest school of Christian art, and in our opinion there is no desecration in its continuing to perform this function. May it not be secondarily a school of art, as it is only secondarily a school of morality? Do not religious worship and art spring from the same feeling, and employ the same faculties? and are not the highest aims of each identical? If one cannot endure solecisms in a sermon, or bad grammar in a prayer, why should one be content with discord in church music, or disproportion in church architecture? Worship is not necessarily more spiritual in the barn-like kirk than in the magnificent cathedral. The bronze gates of the Florentine baptistery (called by Michel Angelo "the gates of Paradise"),

* Did our space permit, it would be interesting to inquire how far this state of things is due to the introduction of the pianc, which may be defined as a box of prepared music, put up by the instrument-maker, and far less scientific than the violin, the harp, or the guitar. The object of the piano is to substitute one performer for a whole orchestra; but this increase of power is at the expense of individuality and originality. The calliope, driven by steam, has still more power, but it has certainly not contributed much to musical culture.

or the mosaic pictures of St. Peter's, are no more traps for the soul than are the rough wooden doors and white walls of the most ascetic meeting-house. Only let art be honest and genuine, and it can nowhere be more fittingly employed than in the offices of religion. Let all the arts with filial love and reverence vie with each other in beautifying and honoring the Church, their nursing mother. The oratorio, as its name implies, is essentially a prayer. It is impossible to conceive of a grander *Thanatopsis* than Bach's Cantata for the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, the theme of which is death and immortality. The terror of the creature, in view

"Of the stern agony and shroud and pall,
And breathless darkness and the narrow house,"

is painted by the tenor and the bass in deep dramatic colors, unsurpassed even by Gluck in the *Iphigenia in Tauris*. The alto, sustained by a quartette of violins, raises the fearful questionings of the soul concerning a future state. Immediately the response falls from the orchestra in a cheerful *ritornello*, describing the saving union of the emancipated spirit with Christ the Redeemer. Finally the soprano leads the way in a recitative to a rich, angelic choral, in which we hear the exultation of a believing soul in the assurance of eternal life. There is surely nothing in such a musical representation which ought to excite suspicion in any Christian mind; yet these very masterpieces of dramatic music, which Bach, Handel, and Beethoven wrote expressly for religious worship, a so-called spirituality now banishes to the concert-hall. George Whitefield and John Wesley saw the impolicy of letting Satan have all the opera airs, although there are some which we would gladly resign to his monopoly and wish him "luck o' his prize." Even the stern John Calvin committed the music of the Reformation to Goudimel, the master of Palestrina and the greatest composer of his age. He did not think that it would contribute any the less to religious edification because it also edified artistically. We are aware that the general introduction of such music would be impracticable, owing to the difficulties attending both its execution and appreciation; it is not, however, on any plea of profanity that it should be thrust from the portals of the sanctuary. The perfection of

sacred music must be sought, not so much in complicated instrumental combinations as in the simple but entrancing harmonies of the voice, the finest example of which is the pathetic Gregorian Chant of Holy Week in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. As a means of expression, vocal music stands higher than instrumental, and marks the transition from music to poetry, the blending of which constitutes song. Contrary to the common theory, we are inclined to regard instrumental music as the earlier and more primitive form. It is certainly that which prevails among savage tribes; and Jubal, the first musician mentioned in the Hebrew writings, is not spoken of as a singer, but as "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." Between music and poetry there is a close affinity; each admitting of the same classification into epic, lyric, and dramatic. The Greek poets were all musicians, and the Germans call a composer *Tondichter*, i. e. a poet of tones. Gluck, the great musical dramatist, says, that, in composing the *Alceste*, he repeated the text until he had completely entered into the spirit of it, when the music came of itself. The perfect understanding of the words developed the melody in them, as the eye of the painter sees the fresco in the cartoon before it has been pricked to the wall.*

Poetry, both in form and content, is a richer, more spiritual, and more comprehensive art than music. It is art articulate, — art with its tongue loosed. Its material is not mere sound, but speech, — sound embodied in word; its domain is coextensive with the realm of the imagination. The specific difference between the tone which is sung and the word which is spoken consists in this, that the former is the spontaneous outgushing of the feeling soul, whereas the latter is the conscious product of the thinking mind. The substantial tone and the articulate word stand to each other in the relation of sentiment to thought, of the passive soul to the active intellect. Originally every word is a musical note, i. e. the idea is expressed en-

* "Ich glaubte," says Gluck in the *Zueignung* of his *Alceste*, "die Musik müsse für die Poesie das sein, was die Lebhaftigkeit der Farben und eine glückliche Mischung von Schatten und Licht für eine fehlerfreie und wolgeordnete Zeichnung sind, welche nur dazu dienen, die Figuren zu beleben, ohne die Umrisse zu zerstören."

tirely by the sound ; but language soon frees itself from this limitation, and the word becomes a mere sign for the thought or thing, — the sound is no longer essential to it. The word *man* conveys to the mind a certain idea or image ; but this idea or image is not exclusively associated with the sound produced by uttering that word, but can be denoted by other sounds, — *ἄνθρωπος*, *homo*, *Mensch*, *l'homme*, &c. The articulate word, although originally the tone-image of an object, loses, in the perfected language, this characteristic, and becomes the mere sign of the object. In music, on the contrary, the sentiment cannot be separated from the sound ; the latter cannot be changed without changing the former. An ode of Horace or a sonnet of Milton may be translated into another tongue, or resolved into rhythmic prose, yet the meaning is not lost, and it still remains a work of art ; but an attempt to disturb, in like manner, a sonata of Mozart, or one of Beethoven's symphonies, would transform all their harmonies into a farrago of crotchets, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Music awakens thought by means of emotion ; poetry excites emotion by means of thought ; consequently the effects of the former are more immediate and intense, those of the latter more indwelling and enduring. A musical composition is a series of evanescent pictures or dissolving views, each of which is "a moment bright, then gone forever" : nothing remains of the beautiful creation but the coarse machinery that moved it, — dead notes and dumb instruments. Poetry is less dependent on material conditions, and speaks at once to the heart and the intellect without the agency of wood, wire, or catgut. The earliest poetry was connected with music in the religious chant, and bore a priestly stamp. Such were the productions of the Grecian bards Olen and Orpheus, the hymns of the Indian Veda and Persian Avesta, the Hebrew Psalms, the old Salian chants, and the Scandinavian Eddas. Next came the age of heroes and hero-worship, and the development of epic verse. With the progress of civilization and political freedom, and the intergrowth of social and domestic life, lyric poetry sprang up, and last of all the drama.* Thus out of the amorphous mate-

* This classification is made by Aristodemus in Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, I. 4. 3 ; by Plato in the *Republic*, II. 97 ; and also by Aristotle in the *Poetica*, 3. 2.

rial of rude hieratic songs arose the three generic forms of poetry ; as in the hollow tree we find the germ of the classic temple, and in the rough, Arcadian stone trace the origin of the beautiful Phidian statue. To the perfection of the drama each of the lower arts contributes its highest result ; the symmetry of architecture, the gracefulness of plastic beauty, the vividness of color, and the sweet soul of melody, combined and enlivened by action, blend in harmonious whole. Painting is no longer mute and motionless ; —

“ Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And sculpture to be dumb.”

Only a few nations, comparatively, have reached the height of dramatic poetry. The Hebrews never rose above the lyric, and the Scandinavians attained only a crude epic. Greek poetry was the first that passed through a complete cycle of development, reaching its zenith in the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. English poetry culminated during the sixteenth century in Shakespeare ; French, during the seventeenth, in Corneille, Racine, and Molière ; German, during the eighteenth, in Goethe and Schiller. In Æschylus we find frequent traces of epic and lyric elements which disappear in Sophocles and Euripides ; and this is true also of the older English dramatists, as compared with the “Swan of Avon.” Likewise in mediæval literature we observe the same chronological order. First, the priestly poetry of which *Muspilli*, *Krist*, and *Heliand* are specimens ; secondly, the epopee or heroic poem represented by the *Nibelungen* and *Kudrun* ; then the lyric of *Troubadours* and *Minnesingers* ; and lastly, sacred and profane drama in the *Mysteries* and *Miracle-Plays*. As song forms the transition from music to poetry, so the drama is the connecting link between poetry and prose. In it rhyme ceases to be an ornament, and becomes an excrescence and a hindrance ; and the only species of verse at all suitable to it is the Iambic measure, which approximates very closely to prose. Indeed, modern dramatic poetry shows a constantly increasing tendency to rid itself of all metrical restraints and employ the freer vehicle of artistic prose. A versified tragedy degenerates almost inevitably into declama-

tion and rhetoric, a fate from which even the genius of Schiller has failed to save it.

The youngest and the most spiritual of the arts is prose. Its instrument is speech, like that of poetry; but it is speech emancipated from the limitations of metre, alliteration, and rhyme, — speech set free, *oratio soluta*; consequently it has fewer technical difficulties to overcome, and expresses itself more clearly and directly. The Muse of poesy is not the less fettered, because with truly feminine taste and tact she makes an ornament of her thralldom, and weaves her chains into garlands. Besides, the source of prose is not the imagination alone, nor any other isolated faculty; it is an outflow of the whole mind, and its domain is coextensive with the combined powers of the soul. It is as much above poetry as character is superior to faculty, or a full symmetrical man to a single fine feature. With a less complex mechanism it can do more, and is an organ of higher revelation. The essential nature of poetry is plastic; the spirit of prose is picturesque. The former is allied to sculpture, as the latter is to painting, or as music is to architecture. The higher and more spiritual an art is, and the finer the material which it employs, the more intimately it is connected with the personality of the artist. The architect projects the plan; others erect the building. The sculptor moulds the clay in the form of the statue, and is thus brought into closer relations to his creation; but it is the stone-cutter who puts it in marble, and the founder who pours it in bronze. The painter, however, not only sketches the cartoon, but with his own hand limns the picture. So in music, the lowest of the speaking arts, the composer who creates the work commits it to the musician for execution, and it has no real existence until the latter embodies it in sound; and it seems to us that prose, as compared with poetry, bears the seal of the author's individuality more clearly impressed upon it, inasmuch as the poet is obliged to fit his conception to a Procrustean form which he has only a very limited power to modify; his thought is forced into an artificial channel, whilst that of the prose-writer flows with the wider freedom of a river wearing its own bed and heaping up its own shores. In poetry, too, there is a lingering vestige of music; its full effect

depends as much on the tone, color, weight, and temperature of the words and letters, as on their meaning. The versification of Coleridge's *Christabel*, or of Milton's *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, is inseparable from the very sentiment of those poems; and Shakespeare's *Tempest* is a symphony with passages as beautifully modulated as any in Beethoven; indeed, the whole play, like Caliban's enchanted island, is

“ full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.”

In prose these purely *sensuous* qualities of language are less prominent; the word is valued more for its signification, and not so much for its sound. Chronologically, also, prose is a later development than poetry, and presupposes a greater maturity of the general mind. From the epos sprang romance and history; from the lyric, theology and philosophy; and from the drama, oratory. Thus in Grecian literature we can trace this continuity of growth, and find that Homer and Thucydides, Pindar and Plato, Sophocles and Demosthenes, are connected by a link as logical as that which binds conclusion to premise in the clamps of a syllogism. It is only a progress from individualization to generalization; from the concrete to the abstract, corresponding to the growth of the intellect in men and nations.*

As the most romantic landscapes lie where craggy mountains and fertile lowlands meet, so the most poetical periods in history are where a rude and dark age just begins to brighten with the soft tints of a dawning civilization; but with the increasing light of culture is ushered in the era of prose, which, like an invading monarch, first takes possession of the valleys and the plains as a legitimate domain, and then pushes his conquests into the highlands, whose native queen, Poesia,

* Quintilian calls history *carmen solutum*, in distinction from *poesis alligata ad certam pedum necessitatem* (Inst. X. 1); and Schelling characterizes it as *das ewige Gedicht des göttlichen Verstandes* (Ueber das Academische Studium, p. 219). Plato in his divine Dialogues repeatedly speaks of the poets as not only sons and prophets of the gods, but also as fathers and guardians of wisdom. Plutarch, in his “Morals,” defines poesy to be a primitive philosophy (*πρώτην τινὰ φιλοσοφίαν*), or rather a storehouse of pre-philosophical material (*ἐν ποιήμασι προφιλοσοφητέον*); and according to the acute and critical Montaigne, *philosophie est une poesie sophistiquée*.

retires farther and farther into her constantly diminishing realm, until at length nothing remains obedient to her sceptre but the solitude of a Parnassian peak. In literature, the ascendancy of prose is always in direct ratio to the general advance of the human spirit, and the clearing up of the intelligence. As a vehicle for the movement of ideas, it is far more adequate than poetry, and is therefore a better exponent of modern civilization. *Substantially*, the barriers between these two arts are already broken down, so that the terms poetry and prose no longer represent distinct circles of thought and emotion; they also become assimilated in *form* and *grammar* in proportion as the sensuous life of language dies out, and the spiritual qualities predominate. Thus, one of the most marked peculiarities of modern language is what might be called their prose organization; i. e. their prosody or metrical system is founded, not on quantity, but on accentuation, so that by this change the chief distinction between *oratio vineta* and *oratio soluta*, as understood by the ancients, is lost; and we may confidently look forward to the time when the fusion of these forms shall be rendered more complete, by the abolition of that "bondage of rhyming" which Milton condemns as "the invention of a barbarous age," and which Ben Jonson characterizes as "wresting words from their true calling." There is no good reason why the relative duration of successive syllables in time should have been insisted upon as essential to poetry; for we might with equal propriety follow the example of Simmias of Rhodes, and establish a canon that the lines should be of such length, and so arranged, that the finished poem would present to the eye the form of a heart, a battle-axe, an egg, a flute, or a phoenix. But the constant tendency in human speech is to shake off these conventional shackles, in proportion as it frees itself from the dominion of the senses, and becomes an organ of revelation for the higher reflective faculties. The spiritualizing and enfranchising influence of Christianity transformed Greek into an accentuated language; and Grimm has shown that the same process took place also in German, which originally made quantity or the temporal value of the vowels the basis of its prosodical system.

Did our space permit, it would be easy to cite passages from

standard authors in illustration of what has been alleged as to the pre-eminence of prose, its wider range and superior capabilities as a form of literary art. If her younger muse, like a Cinderella, is generally made to perform all the drudgeries of life and leave the finer fancy-work to her poetic sister, she sometimes throws aside the kirtle and the clog, and appears at the king's feast in rich robes and silver slippers. It is in some of his most splendid and pathetic passages that Shakespeare unclasps the golden cincture of verse, and revels in the fuller freedom of imaginative and impassioned prose; and there are many portions of Milton's *Areopagitica* which rival in grandeur the best books of the *Paradise Lost*. The reader, however, must remember that the prose to which we have awarded the highest place among the fine arts is not that which M. Jourdain had been speaking more than forty years without knowing it. *Tout ce qui n'est point prose est vers, et tout ce qui n'est point vers est prose*, is a definition well suited to the limited faculties of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*; but for the purposes of philosophical discussion we prefer the nicer distinction made by De Quincey between "literature (*literæ humaniores*) and anti-literature (*literæ didacticæ*.)" To literature thus defined belong poetry and prose, including, not the sum total of things printed, but only those books which seek to communicate power, and the purpose of which is not to convey information to the intelligence in a pedagogical sense, but to *inform* the soul in an artistic or creative sense. To anti-literature belong works of science which seek to impart knowledge, grammars, dictionaries, cyclopædias, chronicles, most histories and books of travel, and, in general, all productions of the press wherein the matter to be communicated is paramount to the manner of its communication.* This immense mass of useful knowledge is wholly excluded from prose considered as a fine art, and consequently can claim no place in literature proper, to which it bears the same relation that the

* "Poetry is not the proper antithesis to prose, but to science. Poetry is opposed to science, and prose to metre. The proper and immediate object of science is the acquirement or communication of truth; the proper and immediate object of poetry is the communication of pleasure." In this quotation from Coleridge, substitute *power* for pleasure, and the definition becomes essentially the same as that which we have given.

color-bag does to the painting, or the quarry to the cathedral. Art is the service of the ideal; and the more refined and intellectual this service becomes, the more spiritual is the medium which it employs for its manifestation. "Beauty," says Michel Angelo, "is the purgation of superfluities"; and it is by this law that the progress of art may be computed. Temple, statue, picture, oratorio, and book are not repetitions of the soul, but each in its turn gives a fuller and finer measure of it. They are related to one another like the substances in the chemical tables, where every positive becomes negative by having a new substance placed above it. At present, this highest positive point is occupied by literature. The artists of to-day are the men of letters. But literature itself is only the surrogate of life. Deeds of goodness and courage are a higher incarnation of the beautiful than words, however wise and eloquent. Campbell says of Sir Philip Sidney, that his life was "poetry put into action." All the nobilities of his nature were enshrined in that form. Everything that man can do may be divinely done. The great soul converts the lowliest duty into a sublime work.

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and the action fine."

The poet gleans from the barren field a rich harvest which the husbandman knew not of. Beauty will come to every condition of life, when men once learn to lift themselves above selfish aims, and serve the ideal in whatever they do,—when all the machinery of our civilization, like the wheels in Ezekiel's vision, shall move in obedience to divine impulses, as the supplements of man's spiritual nature, and the ship, the railroad, and the telegraph be transformed from the mercenary agents of trade into the shining vehicles of truth and liberty and universal brotherhood.